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A SCOURGE FOR Poor Robin;

OR,

The Exact PICTURE OF A

Bad Husband.

Drawn to the Life, by an experienc'd Female-Hand, to Revenge her Injured Sex, for the Abusive Truths Of the late

CHARACTER OF A SCOLD.

With Allowance.

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IV

A SCOURGE FOR Poor Robin.

ON my Conſcience, this *Poor Robin* is more troubleſome, than a *ſilenc'd* Preſbyter; the Town can never be at *Quiet* for him, but he will ſtill be *Holding-forth* his Pamphlets, and like a Man of Reformation, *Hinting* his Uſes of Reproof; ſure he has got as many *Lives* as a *Cat*, and like her too, is perpetually *Mewing* and *Scratching*. But could the bold Fool think to ſtir a Waſps-neſt, and not ſting his Fingers? or meddle with ſo terrible a Creature, as he has repreſented a *Scold*, without expecting ſome *Billinſ-gate* Repartees? How readily now could I call the Pragmatical Villain, more *Ill-names* than ever Puritan beſtow'd on the *Pope*, or one *Waterman* upon another? deafen his *Ears* with a

Henbane Lurry, ſcratch out his *Eyes*, and bequeath his *Gut* to the uſe of a *Country-Fidler*. But our Revenge ſhall be more *Noble*, and like prudent *States*, we'll carry the War into the Enemies Country. We have obſerv'd how pleaſed the *Sots* our Husbands were, with his late Raillery, how it tickled their ſpleens at every period! *That's right my Joan!* quoth one, *Exactly the Tricks of my Old Woman!* ſays another. *Well, good Gentlemen! and what are your* Tricks, *I pray, that occaſion ſuch our Reſentments. That the World may henceforth take notice of them, and in juſtice* allow Looſers leave to ſpeak, *we'll preſent it with your* True Pictures, *all but your* Horns; *and they too, if you continue to uſe us thus, ſhall not be long* Inviſible.

The Character of a

Bad Husband.

A *Bad Husband*, is an inconſiderate piece of *Sottiſh* Extravagance; for though he conſiſts of ſeveral Ill-Ingredients, yet ſtill *Good-fellowſhip*, is the *Cauſa ſine quâ non*, and gives him the *Ho-go*: he is the *Wiſe Mans* ſcorn, the *Shirks*

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Exchequer, and the Wheadling Hoſteſſes *Honeſt Man*; the *Moth* of an Eſtate, the *Shipwrack* of a Family, or a Miſchief *Three-ſtory high*; for he ſcandalizes his *Anceſtors*, ruines himſelf, and *ſtrangles* the hopes of all his *Poſterity*. He throws away his Wealth as heartily as young Heirs, or old *Philoſophers*, and is ſo eager of a *Jail*, or a Mumpers *Wallet*, that he will not wait Fortunes *leiſure* to undo him, but rides Poſt to *Beggars-Buſh*, and takes more *pains* to ſpend Money, than Day-labourers to get it; whilſt ſtill his word is, *Let's not pinch whilſt we have it, ſince 'tis time enough to want when we have it not.*

He knows no difference between Prodigality and Liberality, but is ſo fooliſhly free, that he dries up the Springs of Bounty, by cutting down the Banks, and letting the Streams run waſte; if he pretend to Gentility, he thinks he can no way make good that Title, but by paying (where-ever he comes) the whole Reckoning; and every Raſkal that can but cry, *My Noble Maſter*, is Maſter of his *Purſe*; which *Sucking Vermine* continually flutter about him as thick as *Flies* in a Confectioners-ſhop. If he go to Market, 'tis but to purchaſe a Fox, and two days after returns, having only truckt away his Corn for Drink, and put off his Cattel to make himſelf a greater Beaſt.

His firſt buſineſs after Marriage, is to pay Alehouſe-*ſcores* with his wives *Portion*; and his next, to *pawn her Clothes* for ſupplies of freſh Debauchery.

chery. If he be a *Citizen*, he counts his Shop a *Priſon*, till at laſt he is *ſhopp'd* in a Priſon indeed. He pretends always extraordinary buſineſs *abroad*, and muſt needs go to the *Exchange*, when he has nothing to do there but change *Shillings* into *Sixpences*, and reduce *Guineys* into *Farthings*. He ſtill cries, 'tis too ſoon to go home yet, and will trudge a mile about rather than come near his own door, for fear he ſhould be obliged to come in before his hour, which is Midnight or paſt; for if he go home before, he ſays he can never ſleep well. He is an *Hogſhead* ſet on two *ſtumps*, fit for no uſe but to hold *ſtrong Drink*; and if he be not at the *Pot*, is like a Fiſh out of water, that does nothing but *gape:* He thinks Nature gave him a Mouth not ſo much to ſpeak, as to take off his Liquor; and his onely enquiry is, *Where dwells the beſt Sack and Claret?* He is a paſſionate lover of *Mornings-draughts*, which he generally continues till Dinner-time; a rigid exacter of *Num-Groats*, and Collector-general for *Foys* and *Beverage:* He admires the prudence of that Apothegm, *Let's drink firſt*, and would rather ſell 20 *per Cent.* to loſs, than make a dry Bargain. You ſhall infallibly finde him and his Tribe about the *Fag-end* of the day at Rendezvouze, like a *Conſtellation* fixt in the lower Region of a known Tavern, where their *Noſes* appear like *Comets* that evermore portend exceſſive *drought:* They go in upon Parole not

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to exceed *Three-pences*; but ſeldome come out under an Half-Crown-*Club*; and their Noiſe (for Diſcourſe you cannot call it) is more nonſenſical and impertinent than a She-Quakers Sermon, or the tattles of an *Up-ſitting*. Aſſoon as they are accommodated with a private Room, an half Pint, (for ſo they modeſtly begin) ſome clean Pipes, and a Jordan, their firſt Argument is, the goodneſs of the Wine, which being voted a *Flower*, produces next a *Bottle*; and then *News* is the ſubject of debate; or for want of that, who was *moſt drunk* the night before, or reel'd home with the greateſt *gravity* and decorum. Though they live like Publicans, yet they imitate *Phariſees* in their exactneſs of making clean the *inſide of the Glaſs*; and their ſtricteſt Criticiſms are, *See it go round*, and *Take it off, Sir.*

In this ſweet Society our truſty *Trojan* bears his part till he has not diſcretion enough left to know at which end to *light his Pipe*; then ſtaggering away, (if he ſcape the *Compter*) 'tis forty to one but he meets with ſome little *Town-baggage*, who picks his Pocket, and in requital beſtows upon him a ſwinging *Clap*. In the mean time the good Woman at home ſits lamenting till twelve at night over a piece of mouldy Bread, and a draught of *Rot-gut*; and the Children are fain to go to bed without a *Supper*, becauſe the vile *Milkwoman* is grown *faithleſs*: At laſt, when her pretious Huſband comes with a breath that ſtinks

ſtinks with Canary and *Tobacco*, worſe than Hell of Brimſtone; he perhaps picks a cauſeleſs quarrel, gives her a Remembrance with a Bed-ſtaff, that ſhe is forc'd to wear the *Northamberland Arms* a week after; which the good-natur'd Soul muſt excuſe, by pretending an unlucky fall, or blaming an innocent *Door-latch* for the injury. But put caſe he go peaceably to Bed, what comfort is to be expected from ſuch a Swine? Were not a Woman better be Married to a *Man-Drake*, or take a *Broom-ſtaff* for a Bed-fellow? yet this, forſooth, is our wit-leſs *Head*, this the *Tool* we muſt *Worſhip* and *Obey*, this the *ſage and mighty* Animal that Triumphs over us, as the *weaker* Veſſels; that notwithſtanding all theſe Extravagancies of his own, reads Lectures to us of *Good-houſwifry*, and after he has fool'd away ſeveral Guineys abroad, worſe than if he had made Ducks and Drakes with them, comes home, and complains of the deſtruction of a *Candles end*, for want of a Save-all, and rails at his Wives *Improvidence*, for not managing more thriftily the Income of the *Kitching-ſtuff-pot*.

Since this is our Condition, Gentlemen, and that the beſt Arms Nature affords us are our Tongues, I ſee no reaſon, why in ſo juſt a cauſe, we ſhould not make uſe of them. This only we beg, reſtrain theſe *Extravagants*, or infringe not our Antient *Liberties*; either inlarge your *Bed-lams*, or pull down your *Cucking-ſtools*.

FINIS.